

More Funabout Fords





MORE FUNABOUT
FORDS

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BY

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Etc.



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More Funabout Fords

When you stop to think, the Ford is a remarkable little automobile; but that is just the trouble—you have to stop to think.

* *

A Ford is something like a wealthy baby. It has a new rattle every day.

* *

THE UPSTART

He was driving a large new car of latest model, and may have been a trifle puffed up. After passing a flock of Fords, he turned to his wife and said:

“Mary, is there anything on my back?”

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MAYBE HE DIDN'T SEE THE LIMPOUSINE

Some time ago it was rumored that the Ford Company would give a car for four dimes bearing the mint letters corresponding to their name. One day an old gentleman walked into the Ford plant and proudly showed the proper coins. He was told to pick his car from the display room. In a few minutes he was back and timidly asking for the return of his four dimes.

* *

It is reported that Henry Ford will soon show us a new submarine. Perhaps the mystery of the Ford construction is now cleared. Maybe they are convertible, and one may have an automobile or a submarine as he wishes.

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OUGHT TO BE JAILED

A big Packard was ordered back by the crossing policeman and in backing ran into a Ford and smashed the radiator. The policeman rushed over to the large car and said to the driver:

“Well, me foine lad, what do ye mean by backing up without looking behind ye. I’ll take your name.”

“My name,” said the Packard driver, “is Clancy—Patrick Clancy.”

“Clancy, is it? Well, just wait a minute, Clancy,” said the officer as he walked back to the Ford.

“And what’s your name, me man?”

“Eckstein,” replied the Ford man.

“Eckstein! Well, Eckstein, what the divil do ye mean by running into that nice Packard?”

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GOSH!

It isn't every motorist that can run his car on soft soap. And it isn't every car that would stand for it. But a Ford will stand for anything right along. The Outlook would not intentionally misrepresent anything; yet it has to report that it has it on reliable authority that one of our local motorists, a short time ago, while thinking of something quite foreign to what he was at the time doing, filled the differential of his car with soft soap and washed his hands in cup grease. He soon discovered his mistake as to the brand of soap used, but not until he had run his car over a hundred miles, and the differential began to froth and foam like a seidlitz powder did he remember that soft soap was a pretty good cleanser but an indifferent lubri-

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cant. However, the car is romping along, and it may be that an application of soft soap in the differential occasionally isn't so doggone bad at that.—*Carrizozo Outlook*.

* *

NOT 100% EFFICIENT

A mechanic applying for a job at the Packard factory, said he formerly worked for Ford but was discharged. He used to tighten a nut on the axle, but one day dropped his wrench and by the time he picked it up he was twenty cars behind.

* *

“So you knew Henry Ford a long time ago.”

“Sure. I knew him when an empty coal wagon was the noisiest thing in the city.”

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IT'S JUST FOR THE WIFE AND KIDS

You pay over your little four hundred and some odd dollars, proudly climb into your handsome automobile and are as happy as a neutral king until you begin to meet your friends:

“Well! well! Smith. In a little henry! And you fell for it!”

“This is your first, isn't it? Well, you might just as well start with a Lizzie. You can't hurt it much. When you have learned to run it, you can give it to an orphan asylum and get an automobile.”

“What do you care how it looks? You know you're going to get home in it, and you didn't buy it to please the neighbors.”

“Sure! It's a good investment. Anything you get at that price is

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worth it. You can't lose much because you can sell it as junk for about ten dollars less than you paid."

"That reminds me, Smith, of a new one I heard the other day. Something about covering sewer openings so they won't be washed down. You know, when you leave it at the curb and——"

"I don't think much of the engine, but the brakes are the best on any car."

"You know you can buy enough parts to assemble a new one for a dollar and a half."

"If you want to make that look nifty, put on a sloping hood and wire wheels."

"Be careful of the steering gear, old man. You know there's a new attachment——"

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“Well, you don’t need burglar insurance, do you, Smith?”

“Swallow your pride, old boy, and you can get a lot of fun out of it.”

* *

MUST BE A FLOORWALKER

“That fellow Westman is an easy-going chap.”

“How is that?”

“He bought a Ford four years ago and has been contented ever since.”

* *

THE NERVE

Mr. Cohen was standing in front of his pawnshop when Mr. Epstein drove up in his Ford.

“Cohen,” called Epstein, “can you loan me ten dollars?”

“Ten dollars!” exclaimed Cohen.
“On a Ford? You should ask that!”

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WE SHOULD THINK SO

The fussy old gentleman had been waiting twenty minutes for his son to drive the Ford around from the garage. When the boy finally drove up the old gentleman angrily inquired the reason for the delay.

“When I pulled out into the alley,” explained the boy, “I ran onto some fly-paper and had a dickens of a time getting off.”

* *

“I can’t understand how a person can be run down by an automobile. All one needs to do is to keep his wits.”

“Sure. And nothing could be more conducive to rational thinking than a loud ‘honk’ heard unexpectedly from behind.”

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ANOTHER MAINSPRING

Puck, under the caption "Watches and Fords Repaired," shows a picture of an old jeweler sitting upon a high stool intently examining, under his microscope, a Ford held in his hand. To his interested customer he states:

"The stem seems to be snapped. You must have wound it too tight."

* *

OF COURSE!

First Motorist (after a very narrow shave): "But why all this fuss? We haven't damaged you. You can't bring an action against us."

Second Motorist: "I know I can't, sir; I know I can't. That's just my point!"—*Punch*.

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YOU DO, YOU DON'T

“Old man, I want to take you for a ride.”

“Delighted. Feel just right for a spin.”

“We will run out across country to the roadhouse in an hour——”

“Fine!”

“—in that Ford of mine——”

“By George! I forgot all about an engagement. Sorry, John, but I can't go this time.”

* *

LIFE'S LITTLE SURPRISES

Listening to a man boast of the touring he does, the remarkable staying qualities of his automobile, and the surprisingly large number of races he wins, and finally learning that he owns a Ford.

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THE IDEA!

A man inspecting a garage said to the owner:

“I should think you would keep this place cleaner. Just look at those black things in that corner.”

“Why,” said the owner indignantly, “those are Fords!”

* *

WRAP IT UP

The hardware man had already sold his customer three Fords, and when the young man asked for the fourth, the dealer inquired:

“What do you want with so many?”

“Well, you see,” replied the customer, “my son likes to ‘play train’ with them.”

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BETTER USE WHISTLES

Brown was just starting out in his Ford, when a policeman rushed up and demanded:

“Well, what’s the trouble?”

“Trouble? No trouble here.”

“Didn’t you call me?”

“No.”

“But I distinctly heard a policeman’s rattle.”

“Oh! Now I’ve got you. That wasn’t a policeman’s rattle. I was cranking my machine.”

* *

“George,” said a mother to her young hopeful, “you and your playmates will have to take those Fords out in the yard. I can’t have this room cluttered up this way.”

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THE LIFE OF THE PARTY

There was a young man named Hyde
In a Ford, at a funeral was spied;
When asked who was dead,
He simpered and said:
“I don’t know—I just came for the
ride.”

* *

What kind of car do you intend
buying?
There is only one kind I can afford.

* *

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT

“Where is that Ford you intended
buying?”

“Why, my wife thought we had
better wait a while. Baby is teething
and puts everything he finds into
his mouth. It might be dangerous.”

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KNEW IT ALL THE TIME

The Ford died on the railroad track and the owner and his family had barely reached safe ground when a train rushed by, demolishing the Ford. After viewing the small pieces for a minute, the owner was heard to mutter:

“You know that Ford never did quite suit me.”

* *

SAVING THE DIME

Two men walked to the bar. Said one:

“Give me a milk-shake; just a minute—Bill, are we going home in that Ford?”

“Yes.”

“Make it a plain milk.”

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THE LAST STRAW

“I would like a brush for a Ford with long bristles,” said the lady to the clerk.

“Madame,” he returned, “I have seen Fords with almost everything, but have yet to see one with long bristles.”

* *

CONDITIONAL

The Ford taxi looked a trifle small to the man who had called it, and he asked the driver:

“How many will it hold, my man?”

“Four.”

“Is that all?”

“Well, six if they are well acquainted.”

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NO TROUBLE AT ALL

A man with lots of time on his hands was loafing around a garage. For a while he seemed to ponder over some knotty problem, and finally he approached a hostler who was washing a car.

“Say,” he inquired, “how do you tell all these Fords apart?”

“Oh,” replied the hostler, “we soon get to know them by their shapes.”

* *

WHO WOULDN'T BE?

“Why so sad and downcast?”

“The Ford Company threatens to take my car back——”

“Cheer up; they always talk like that, but they seldom do it.”

“That’s what I was thinking.”

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WONDERFUL

During a fast battle at short range, the Allies ran low on ammunition and used all the tin cans and odds and ends they could lay hands on.

Two Germans in a trench were pumping away when the front of an automobile radiator dropped directly in front of them. On the radiator was stamped the familiar name FORD.

“Ach, these Americans!” exclaimed one of the Germans. “How they advertise!”

* *

“I am looking for an old Ford without wheels.”

“What good will that do you?”

“I think it would make a dandy rat trap.”

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EASY

A school teacher acquired an old Ford, of which he was very proud, and he lost no opportunity to talk about it. One day he was addressing his class on the beauties of the country.

“What is better,” he said, “than a trip through nature’s wild garden. What is better than a ride in a Ford——”

“‘Most anything,” answered a small boy in the first row.

* *

PAINTING THE LILY

“What is the most hideous thing you ever saw?”

“A reconstructed Ford with a yellow body and green wheels.”

MORE FUNABOUT FORDS

GIVE THEM AN INCH

A minister of Detroit was invited to preach in a church in a small town nearby. All went well with his service until he was pronouncing the benediction, when a continued buzzing annoyed him. He spoke to the home minister about it, who offered the following apology and explanation:

“I am very sorry you were disturbed, and I am to blame. You see, I have allowed the people to bring their Fords to the pews, and lately they have been cranking up just before service is finished.”

* *

Passing Autoist (to man under automobile)—Hello, Smith! Having trouble?

Smith—No. I just crawled in here to play a game of solitaire.

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STRANGER THAN FICTION

The following tale is told by a minister in Indiana:

One day last August the minister bundled a few of his flock into his Ford and started for a drive through the country. Just out of town, on a narrow road, the minister sought to pass a team of mules. As the car was directly opposite one of the mules the animal whirled about in its harness and drove both feet against the side of the machine. The impact threw the Ford into the air, where it made a complete somersault. Alighting squarely on the ground inside the fence without spilling an occupant, it went merrily along through the cornfield.

Yes, a minister!

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ENOUGH

The proprietor of a hotel in a rather small town was entertaining members of a convention. He found his facilities for transporting guests from the depot too limited and hired a man who owned a large automobile. When he paid the man the first night he told him he was well pleased with his work but that he needed even more help.

“I have a brother who owns an Overland,” said the man. “Shall I have him come tomorrow?”

“Is he a worker?” asked the proprietor.

“Why, he will haul more people than I,” said the man.

So the next day the two brothers worked, and at night the proprietor expressed himself as being well satis-

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fied. When they were leaving, one of the brothers spoke up:

“Our father could work for you. He has a Ford.”

“A Ford? Could he do much hauling?”

“Oh, yes. He could haul more people than both of us.”

“Then have him report in the morning. And, by the way, you two fellows stay home.”

* *

SAFETY FIRST

At a class in auto instruction, a pupil was seated in a Ford undergoing an examination.

Instructor: “What would you do, Jones, if the engine became heated and an explosion threatened?”

Jones (after looking about the car): “Get out and run!”

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OH!

A few days after the new tenants moved into the next-door office, Smith heard a familiar noise. This was repeated every day for a month, always about an hour before closing time. At last his curiosity would be curbed no longer, and he marched into his neighbor's office.

"Tell me," he said, "how in the world you get that Ford up here?"

"Ford?" returned his neighbor, "that is not a Ford. That's an addressing machine."

* *

A CHANCE

Wife—James has promised to give us a ride in his new Ford.

Hubby—Never mind, dear. He may forget it.

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NO ANSWER

He was teaching her to drive and sat next to her, directing her efforts, while she was at the wheel. They came to a steep hill and climbed it with much puffing and jerking of the little Ford. When the top was reached, he wiped the perspiration from his forehead and exclaimed:

“We had a tough time getting up here, didn’t we?”

“Yes,” she replied, “and if I hadn’t kept the brakes on we surely would have slipped back.”

* *

SIMILAR

“Have you been ill?”

“No. Just finished a two-day trip in a Ford. That is what makes me look so bad.”

MORE FUNABOUT FORDS

PEEVED OR INSULTED?

“That fellow Smith is getting on my nerves.”

“Why I saw him bow to you just now. He seemed pleasant enough.”

“Well, since he bought that tin Lizzie he nods to me and then puts on speed before I can ask him for a ride!”

* *

WOULD DIE FOR HER

“How do you like her?”

“She can put her Ford in my garage whenever she wants to.”

* *

THE FIRST LESSON

“Do you know anything about automobiling?”

“Sure! I know it's expensive.”

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AND NOT WEAR RUBBER HEELS

While a parade was passing, a man drove a Ford to the curb and was leaving it when a policeman accosted him.

“I wouldn’t leave that here.”

“Why not?”

“Someone might step on it.”

* *

The man who owns one calls it
MY CAR.

The man who does not own one
calls them

Rattlers,

Tin Lizzies,

Little Henrys,

Flivvers,

Mechanical cockroaches,
anything he thinks of.

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OR THROW AWAY THE CRANK

“Mr Taylor,” said the small boy from next door, “my dad wants to know if you would mind putting your Ford in the garage over on Lincoln street tonight?”

“Why in the world does he want me to do that?”

“He said he would like to get one good night’s sleep.”

* *

THEY ALL DO

Several men were talking about automobile expense. One man, named Jones, said that his Ford ran thirty miles on a gallon of gasoline.

“I wish I could say that!” exclaimed one.

“Why don’t you?” replied another.
“Jones does.”

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CAUTIOUS

I found Fritz the grocer standing in his doorway, shaking with laughter.

“What’s the joke, Fritz?”

“Why, Jones and his wife drove up in their Ford. Mrs. Jones said to her husband: ‘Henry, how many times must I tell you not to stop directly in front of a store. You know the prices are always raised when people come in an automobile.’ ”

* *

A NIGHTMARE

“John, last night I dreamed you bought a nice, new Ford.”

“Good heavens, woman! You’ll ruin me with your extravagant dreams.”

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PUT A FORD IN YOUR GRIP

“The fellow Dixon thinks he is funny.”

“What’s the matter?”

“When I was leaving on my vacation he pointed to the camera strapped to the suit case and said: “I see you are taking your Ford with you.”

* *

EMBARRASSING

In a recent endurance test, Spokane was the terminus. The officials were stationed at the judges’ stand, inspecting the automobiles as they came in after the hard grind. One after another of the cars came staggering in, covered with mud and dust and all looking very much the worse for wear. Deciding which machine

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should take the prize was hard for the judges and almost an hour was spent in debate.

Finally they reached a decision, and one of them stepped to a Ford at the end of the line and announced it the winner, complimenting the driver upon the appearance of his car in comparison with the other machines.

“But!” exclaimed the Ford man, as soon as he could get in a word, “I wasn’t in the test!”

* *

A RECKLESS DEVIL

“Harry Owen is all banged up. What happened to him?”

“He tried to go through Evanston in his Ford while the ‘swat-the-fly’ agitation was on.”

MORE FUNABOUT FORDS

FRATERNAL

A small boy on a toy automobile met with an accident. After looking over his machine, he stepped to the curb and watched several cars go by. Finally he spotted a Ford and shouted to the driver:

“Hey, mister, have you got an extra wheel?”

* *

HAPPENS OFTEN

“When I landed in Chicago I took a Ford for a boat.”

“Oh, well, that was a natural mistake.”

* *

“Isn’t your Ford smaller than usual?”

“A trifle. It’s mother was scared by a motorcycle.”

MORE FUNABOUT FORDS

NOTHING TO IT

“This work is very intricate, but must be handled speedily. Do you think you can do it?”

“Sure. I used to work in the assembly department of the Ford Company.”

* *

TAKE YOUR CHOICE

Fords will be made smaller—

So more of them can go on the boulevard—

So they can run on the sidewalk—

So they may be put in the sink—

And many others.

* *

SIGN IN RESTAURANT

NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR
HATS, COATS OR FORDS

MORE FUNABOUT FORDS

IS THAT WHY THERE ARE SO MANY ELECTRICS?

A man who had been trying to pass a Ford but was prevented by the occupants sticking out an arm each time he pulled up to them, became exasperated and rode past, disregarding the signal. When he was opposite the Ford he heard the following dialogue, which explained the matter:

“Cohen, I tell you Hammond is dis vay!”

“No, Eckstein, you are mistaken. Hammond is vay over here.”

* *

NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT

“Have you heard my new Ford wheeze?”

“Oh, they all do that.”

MORE FUNABOUT FORDS

ABSOLUTELY

In Chicago recently a prisoner was tried before a jury for stealing a Ford. His lawyer made the following plea:

“Gentlemen, my client admits that he stole the machine, but he was drunk. The evidence shows that he took this Ford from between a Pierce and a Packard. Does not that show that he must have been drunk?”

* *

Henry Ford says people eat too much. What's the use in running a Ford to save money if you don't spend it for eats.

* *

Doctor—Shake well before taking.
Patient—Easy, Doc. I drive a Ford.

MORE FUNABOUT FORDS

USED THE WRONG KIND OF OIL

“That was a queer accident of Smith’s. How did it happen?”

“He was pushing his Ford for all she was worth when one of the cast-ors came off.”

* *

AND THAT’S ALL

Little change of hood,
Bright new yellow paint,
Makes the little henry
Look like what it ain’t.

* *

After listening to numerous stories of remarkable escapes and marvelous demonstrations of power and speed, we have decided that many an otherwise truthful man lies about his automobile.

MORE FUNABOUT FORDS

WHADAYAMEAN!

FOR SALE—Tribune bicycle, cost \$60; will sell cheap or will trade even for Ford touring car. Address Box D 14, care Waterburg American.—*Puck.*

* *

SHE'S A BIRD

“I took a flight in my Ford this afternoon.”

“A flight?”

“Yes. I put her up to forty miles and she took the air on her fenders.”

* *

Nothing makes a Ford owner feel so important as his ability to answer the questions of a person contemplating the purchase of an automobile.

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MAKING IT UNANIMOUS

She was reading aloud from one of the season's novels and he was trying to become interested.

"Toward the end of the ride," she read, "they came to a ford——"

"Ship that," he exclaimed impatiently; "I'm getting tired of those auto jokes."

* *

"Does it always make this racket?"

"Oh, no! Only when it's running."

* *

"How long did it take you to learn to run an automobile?"

"Oh, three or four."

"Days?"

"No, Fords."

MORE FUNABOUT FORDS

UNLIMITED POSSIBILITIES

“My boy, you are wasting your time.”

“I have a fair job, selling Fords.”

“I know. That is why I think you could sell anything.”

* *

“In straitened circumstances, is he not?”

“Yes. He confesses it is about all he can do to keep the wolf from the garage.”

* *

We enter the Ford owner as the champion receiver of advice—and advertising circulars.

* *

“What is so rare as a day in June?”

“A Ford without alterations.”

MORE FUNABOUT FORDS

FOR SHAME!

“You got damages, didn’t you?”

“Yes.”

“Then why so downcast?”

“It was a Ford that hit me.”

* *

OH, SURE!

“I don’t seem to remember that fellow Johnson.”

“You don’t! Why, don’t you recall the fellow who used to drive a Ford on Sundays?”

* *

“My Ford goes forty-five miles an hour.”

“Forty-five?”

“Sure. Twenty-five straight ahead and twenty up and down.”

MORE FUNABOUT FORDS

THE JUGGLENAUT

Here rolls the hated car,
Grinding and crashing stones; and
 hearts and brains
Of men and women. Down they slow
 themselves
In the deep mush, and wait the little
 wheel,
Slow rolling on its funny-squeaking
 axle,
Sunk in the wounded earth. The sigh,
 the breath,
The blood, and life, and soul, with
 spurting rush,
Behind the "horrid" load forsake
 the bunch
Of floundered folk, and the "big car"
 continues
As though no soul had passed the
 bounds of time.
. . . the mad, living throng,

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Dusting by thousands o'er the sad
and crying,
And shouting, puffing, pulling, hear
no groan,
Nor feel the throes of those behind
them.

* *

HOPELESS

In Aurora, Illinois, a short time ago, a Ford was raffled for the benefit of a church. At the close of the contest the winning number was posted, but the holder did not appear. The second number was announced and after waiting a week without receiving a claim, the committee drew a third number. Still nobody claimed the Ford. After picking twenty-five numbers the committee got disgusted and turned the Ford over to the minister.

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NO LOSS

“I understand Fords will not have horns any more.”

“Why not?”

“They look like the devil anyway.”

* *

“Here, livery man, I thought you said this horse was not afraid of automobiles. He nearly ran away when he saw a Ford.”

“Well?”

* *

SAME WAY WITH HIS HAT

“Isn't that a new Ford, Mrs. Brown?”

“Yes, this is another. I get so aggravated at that husband of mine. He is continually mislaying them.”

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WHY, MR. STAR!

Some men are born bores, some acquire turgidity by constant practice, and others tell Ford stories.—*Kansas City Star.*

* *

A sample page of a popular summer resort register:

Hon. Clyde Thomas Fitzhugh and Lady Fitzhugh—Pierce Arrow.

Mr. Alfred E. Westman and Mrs. A. E. Westman—Packard.

Mr. and Mrs. John P. Harris—Overland.

Jones and Wife—Ford.

* *

“I had a dandy theory on a new tire.”

“Well?”

“Oh, it exploded.”

A S L U G O R T W O

PA'S AUTO

Sept. 1

I'm plum tired out with this big car,
I'm going to sell it soon;
The blame thing costs so much to
run—

Four hundred since last June.
It's gas and gas and then a tube,
And then four tires, O ———!
I'm going to sell the gosh darn thing
And buy myself a ———. Bo.

* *

MEBBE

Sir: I, too, think that Henry Ford
is a good fellow, but the suspicion will
not down that his campaign against
over-eating has some connection with
the fact that a fat person looks like
——— in a ———.

R. B. D.

A S L U G O R T W O

“FORD runabout found—wrecked. Party owning can claim name by presenting credentials.”—W. G. N.

Only the name left, but that is imperishable.

* *

WE SAID IN OUR HASTE—

[From “Homeric Scenes,” John Jay Chapman]

“First comes Achilles, raging from
the ford,

All Troy before him.”

No wonder, observes W. J. H., that Achilles was sore; he was no tin soldier.

* *

ONE ON THE COLT

[From the Goshen, Ind., Democrat]

A suckling colt followed a Ford auto in Whitley county.

* *

—Snappy preserves from the can-
nery of B. L. T.

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THE CAR THAT WILL WORK FOR A MAN

[Scranton Tribune-Republican]

I have looked at the canopied coaches
that ride

Like ships of the gods on the sea,
And the swaths of their cutting are
heavy and wide,

Like a bungalow out on a spree;
I have heard of their glory in story
and screed,

But the more of their glory I scan
The better I know that the car that I
need

Is a car that will work for a man.

I am not of the gods; I reside on the
earth;

I am fond of the neighborhood, too,
And I want a machine that will ren-
der its worth

In the things that I want it to do;

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And the ship of the gods may be
good for the gink

With a million or so in his hoard,
But I know what I know, and I think
what I think,

And I think I will get me a Ford.

I will get it, and settle, and put it to
use,

And the ships of the gods may
cavort;

They may run them on hundreds of
gallons of juice—

But,—the Ford gets there first—on
a quart.

They may smile at the little machine
that I run,

They may laugh, if they like to,
and can,

But the car that I want for myself is
the one,

That is worth what it costs to a
man.

MORE FUNABOUT FORDS

Joke a Ford and you joke at the
sands of the seas,

And the leaves when the forests
are full;

When a bull rushes into a nest full
of bees

Is the joke on the bees or the bull?
They are common—for everyone has
'em but me,

And I feel pretty lonesome and
bored,

And I want what will be what I want
it to be,

So I'm going to buy me a Ford.

* *

Copper—What kind of a machine
hit you?

Victim—Hard, very hard, sir.

MORE FUNABOUT FORDS

WE COULD HAVE FURNISHED A PHOTO- GRAPH AND A SHORT HISTORY OF OUR LIFE

It isn't every day that you can get twenty-five cents' worth of fun for a quarter. The ordinary manufacturer can not afford to do business on such a narrow margin. But occasionally some genius comes along, harnesses a natural force that has been running to waste and philanthropically lets us in with him on the ground floor. The latest of these genii is named J. J. White. He has harnessed the Niagara of Ford automobile stories and is turning out a little booklet called "Funabout Fords" (Howell, Chicago, 25 cents). Simple, isn't it? Why do you suppose we didn't think of it ourselves?—J. B. KERFOOT in *Life*.

Other Books You Will Surely Want

Funabout Fords, by J. J. White

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